RECENT WORK BY
GIDEON HART

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I swear I saw a paper balloon, floating,
disappear into the eastbound train tunnel...

The westbound train comes, as is its nature.

I can't stop myself from writing
in different ways on the page
that all sound the same
in my mouth in the end...

I wish so bad to have managed to get
a vid of that balloon.

I pine for it all the way home.

Skill Issue

I got busy vamping, waiting for the flash
entranced by the length of 5 seconds.

Some men have the skills
of a woman. Like I do.

I am learning the skills of a man.
Able to take it like a subject
more and more often
these days.

Still want to be wanted like cock
but it isn't the same kind of knack.

Wanting me (or not)
in whatever way – these are
the world's options.

I can play along (or not). It's nobody's

job to feel, see, or taste
the pendulous cock of my soul.

Either you see it or you don't,
and that's fine.

My job is to bask
in my goon's boon
and I do.

Everyone should have a pussy!
And everyone does.

O, Balance! This comforts me. I breathe and I breathe and I

I am a happy man.

“You're so strong” I whimper later, pouring
my whole body weight into my skull,

cradled in the swingset
of my baby’s palm.

He plays with me.
We fiddle.

I am a happy man.

sacrificial purse

happy pervert

gorgeous substrate

throat hearted
full throated
throat locked and throat smiling

a niche in a gaping gush

no credit but alack a debit to my sex,
something somehow still in question

the subcutaneous probe
leans lilting, learns
aloneness, alerting
mucosal underbelly
dreamt thicker at the root

furtive, though possible
dead tired in the eyeballs

fish boy wriggling
from the hook
by the lip

i deliver the message

hooked needle
piercing belly button

hooked needle
suturing gash in brow

industrious silence

when we're together
i am so you
i could talk and talk
chase this thought
down half a block stubbing my smoke
up three flights of stairs jingle my keys
right up the ladder and into my heart

and then what

i just want to pull up
and kiss you

emerging from
the mouth inside the mouth
emerging in the shape of a dog

difficulty in this
synaptic degree
passed like its strength

breathing into the machine
that made her needed cargo
extruded, cleftless

neoxenomorph

a censored herm
the milk hole with
wires in cream
neonate knew
rip reaching in

my belly tongues, wishful
takes a psychic posture

scatter of seed

a trammel as proxy for law

the passphrase of the hand
made space to fill hole
of gestures and jest

is there love without death?

you meet the first stillness
at the tip of the base of the crease

thank god there is fierce bliss

pressing the equalizing hole
becoming mindless

contraction, cure, and nectar

amending what is done by the foot with the chest

oh devil oh bunny
the rudeness of you

the fig signs completeness
of act. a masking distraction
having to do with turning away

wonder work
giving smudge
just you wait

lustrous pink
lustrous purple

rose hip denial
derivative work

being same on same on same
to every man born

i bet you've touched
the hour by second of me

every one of me knows you
however you cut it, however
you split me
in two or uneven

keeping light

the jagged bitch of me
rough velvet slick-sour

a blessing
too ripe with
pulsation and logic

i hop between timelines
your world is in peril of me

time rumbles heavy
over my back in return
tuning my carpals

i, muscled highway
find god's sex

strict as angel
giggling in palm
shy as ur-baubo
jerking it this way
and that, hokey pokey

turn yourself

we all come alive

All of this is true.

Sal runs up with any old wood chip
gets me to chase him so all the other
dogs will chase him.

He runs slower than I know he can.
He's a tease and he likes to submit.

I think I will always write work poems,
no matter what I'm doing for a living.

I'm on several payment plans,
trading my labor for life.

It's stuff I pay attention to
whether I like it or not.

To labor is to labor.

Ducking into my station, I see two cops ticket a guy,
an old man, for fare evasion. The old man slumps
to the mezzanine floor. One pig says "You good?"
The old man scans for and finds the penalty amount
(a hundred bucks, I have one too). The old man says
"Not good!!" in new-formed English.

He curses them.

I get on the train.

I'm still writing when I deboard and need to pull over. I tell
myself it's fine to lean inside the station, outside the turnstiles,
by the card machine because I want to be warm while I think.

Most people want to be warm while they think.

Everywhere I go I see the loving scrawl
FREE PALESTINE
a prophecy.

I begin to write a different poem, a prayer, willing
eternal shame and lasting repercussions
in the highest, praying that God
in God's eternal and unwavering mercy
damn the hawks and doves,
the old and young
women and men
who have done this.

Sustained an America so cruel.
Not just complicit but integral.
Signing the bombs and that's not so to speak.

Big billionaire bastards distracted from their true work
(to divest, to retreat, and to die) by the baubles of their
echelon.

Mustn't it be boring to be so alone
together in the evil?

So, even if nobody believes in God
but God Itself, let it be so.

A sucker punch of info,
magnified manifold,
meets Manifest
Destiny's dazzle.

Every day a bird's-eye
and a man's-eye and a child's-eye-glimpse
of a holy landscape completely transformed.

Hatred's a substance ungoverned by right.

Whether one has
a right to it or not,
one will hate something.

Here is what I hate: These unfathomably cruel acts.

There's pain between your body
and not knowing what to say.

In W.E.B. Du Bois' *John Brown*, He names "the restless, the criminal and the unconquered" as natural leaders. Of course, he is speaking of Black people who escaped enslavement in the stretch of Antebellum South mapped and titled "The Great Black Way".

We learn history for its manifold applicability
to the soul of our lives.

It is necessary to register the difference between
changing to grow and changing to change.

Access to information, and my ability
to parse it, radicalized me.

At every turn it is my job to face myself,
my whiteness, my lower middle class experience.

Picking up the gauntlet of myself and the infinity of my limitations and being or becoming a true steward of information? From that position?

I will do my best!

I look around me.

There are restless, criminal, unconquered people of many racializations all around these boroughs and some are friends and some are strangers and we don't all get along.

But everyone needs info and a place to piss.

And I do think we will fight for each other.

12/19/24 I'm hunting for the path that suits my dysfunctions and obsessions. I'm developing at my own pace, such a pity! Some things may never change... this developing ferment of brain, individually bagged, like a pickle.

I want to find every poet who is a historian, every historian who is a poet, and each earth denizen who fancies themself – even shyly – to be a little of each, and put us all in a room together to ask "You guys what the hell!"

I'm in the mood for somebody else to scratch my head so I watch a video where someone is getting their head scratched. I'm not lonely, I just want sensations I don't have to create.

I'm in the mood to type with my eyes closed so I can be on my belly with a straight spine all the way through my neck. I do this and find I make fewer mistakes than I anticipated.

As a younger man, I gave myself military neck, trying to survive my disproportionate death drive by standing up as straight as I could.

I survived myself, and now I'm relearning to slope, but I'm still afraid to stop moving.

Each winter rubs off on me a little more than the last.

Sometimes I catch myself giving my own shoulder a gentle kiss. An "It's all right, there there," booboo sort of kiss.

It feels ancient, like a tic like I imagine sucking one's thumb feels. I never sucked my thumb in earnest impulse. Well, except as an experiment.

The experimental impulse is one
of the funnest impulses to follow.
But this kiss of mine is not experimental. It's practiced,
hushed: I did it while climbing the ladder into my loft bed
just a few minutes or hours ago, and only hardly noticed.

Each time I notice this habit
I'm surprised for only a moment and then I
remember, no, I knew and forgot.

It happens with all sorts of things.

Sometimes I'm gobsmacked by the village that is my
arrogance. Then I remember I knew and forgot that too.

I wonder where they all went... the populace inside
the kingdom of my over-manifold sentience.

We have things to say in all sorts of ways and by God
we will say them, or at least we will try. Even if it's idiotic.
Idiocy is a flower. God made idiocy. The idiocy flower
could be smelling wilted in a slimy half-inch of water
at the base of a scuzzy vase and it would still be
God's own special thing. Like you or I
or any pebble, don't you see?

I feel embarrassed in a way, of these, my true ravings. I approach them as a poet when I have my head on straight. I approach them as a communicator when comms are down. I approach them not at all: they will remain at this same infinite distance from me in perpetuity. I approach as a seer when I have accepted I will never manage it. I'm not sure how I'm approaching today. In life we are inevitably separate. In death we get closer, I think.

Good night, sweetheart.

There comes
a time to fight
and it will take
each skill you have

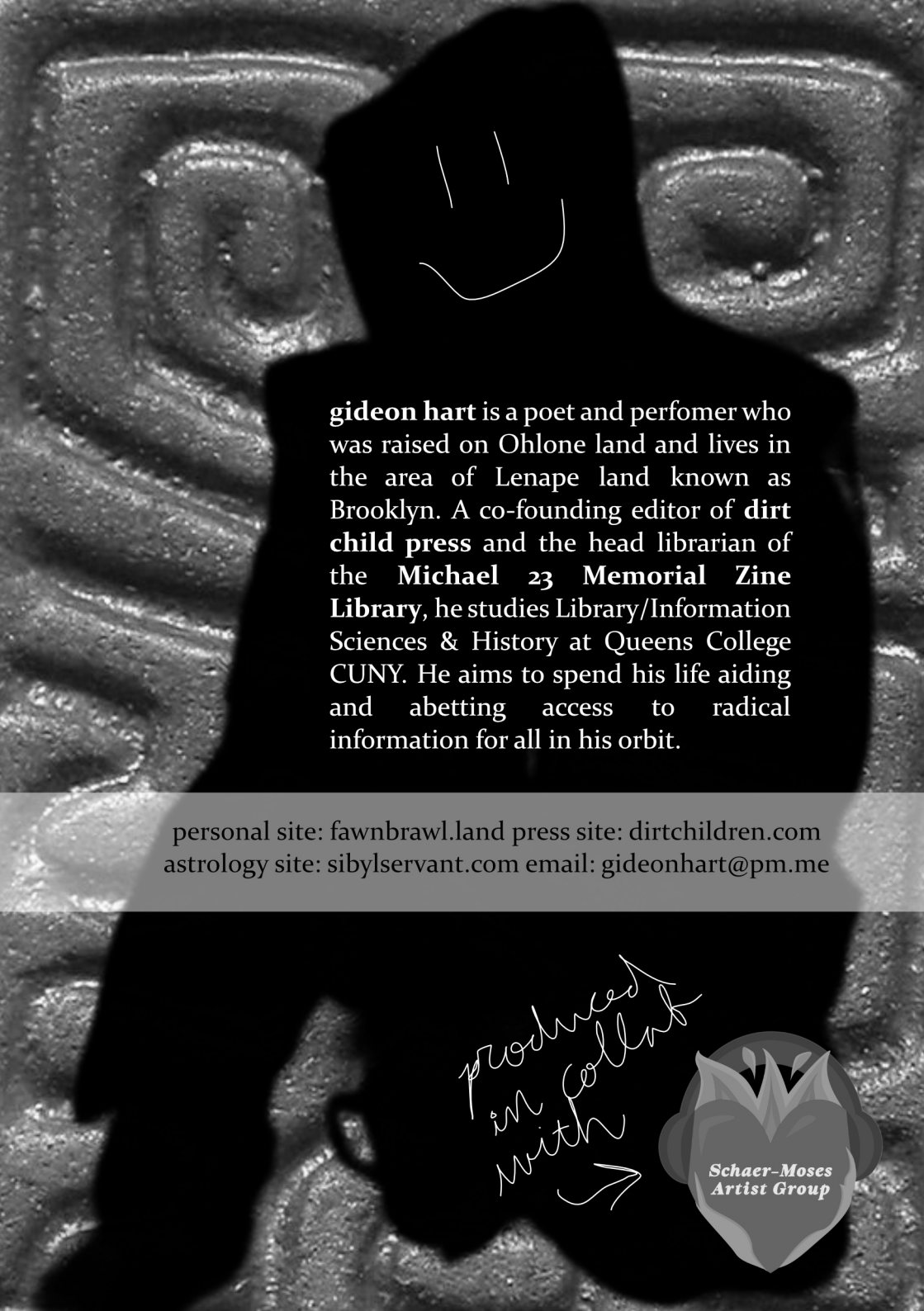
to become a strand of muscle
in the great lumpen arm
lobbing molotovs.

Each morning we get closer.

Drag the season
into the trench
with your teeth.

Saturn and its children are diggers.

For all we know the earth is alone.



gideon hart is a poet and perfomer who was raised on Ohlone land and lives in the area of Lenape land known as Brooklyn. A co-founding editor of **dirt child press** and the head librarian of the **Michael 23 Memorial Zine Library**, he studies Library/Information Sciences & History at Queens College CUNY. He aims to spend his life aiding and abetting access to radical information for all in his orbit.

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